

10  
13  
BOBBY BENSON'S

# B-Bar-B RIDERS

No. 4

THE LEMONADE KID  
IN  
WEBS OF DOOM!







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# FASCINATING NOVELTIES! SEND TODAY!

AMAZING! SENSATIONAL! FUN!

Hello!  
I'm **SANDY!**  
I drink I wet I sleep  
and you can  
**WAVE MY  
HAIR!**

NEW!



AMAZING!

FREE  
HAIR  
WAVE  
KIT!

I have  
**RUBBER  
WONDERSKIN!**

TERRIFIC  
VALUE!

only  
**3.98**



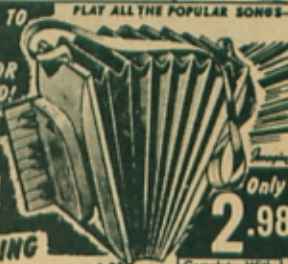
**SENSATIONAL DRINK  
AND WET DOLL** in  
washable rubber **WON-  
DERSKIN** with life-like  
hair and realistic hair-wave  
kit complete with... plastic  
curlers... rubber waving  
bands... waving end  
papers, plastic comb and...  
bottle of doll hair lotion.  
**ADORABLE SANDY**, 11  
inches tall, has sparkling  
blue eyes that open  
and close — she  
drinks from her  
bottle with rubber  
nipple (included)  
and then wets her  
diaper. You can bathe her  
— move her cuddly arms,  
legs and head — make her  
stand, walk and sleep.

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**YOU DON'T HAVE TO  
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Simple to play, great fun to use, the **TUNE-KING** Swing Accordion will make every boy & girl add to the life of every party. This all-plastic accordion plays the full scale and chords with a beautifully sweet tone. The ivory-colored, authentic piano-accordion keyboard simplifies playing—and makes your friends think you're an accomplished artist. Streamlined plastic case has the rich appearance of a fine instrument. To "top it off", plastic handle-neck and thumb straps ensure graceful touch, non-slip playing. **FREE!** An instruction book that simplifies accordion playing in a few short hours. A song sheet with popular favorites and old-time get-together songs. **SEND NO MONEY!** Remit with order and we pay postage or C.O.D. plus postage.

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- 13 Inches High
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Here she is now, that **CUDDLY, HUG-  
GABLE**, love-me baby Gorgeous **Blondie**.  
She is 13" high and her soft, smooth body  
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Every little mother will want **Blondie** for  
her carriage. She's got **Blondie** curls aplenty,  
and they're thick and long just like real  
hair. **Blondie's** hair can be put up in ribbons  
at night and tucked her in bed and watch her  
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fun. Every child will have the time of  
her life giving her body a bath and  
powdering her soft, baby **RUBBER  
WONDERSKIN**. She comes dressed in bright  
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shoes and stockings. Wonderful, beautiful,  
amazing dollie is yours for this unbelievably  
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WO'N'T YOU?

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BOBBY BENSON'S

# B-BAR-B RIDERS



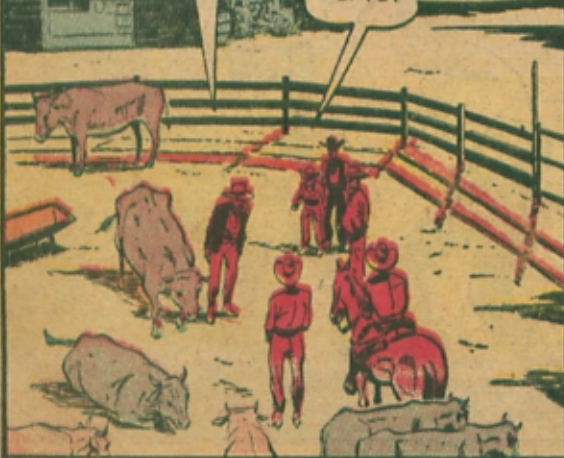
POWELL

AT MARKET TIME BOBBY BENSON SUDDENLY DISCOVERS SICK CATTLE IN HIS HERD! STRANGE TRACKS ARE FOUND ALONG THE B-BAR-B FENCE AND BULLETS CUT CLOSE BY AS BOBBY BENSON AND HIS DAUNTLESS RIDERS GALLOP INTO THE EERIE NIGHT TO FIND THE BAFFLING SECRET OF... "THE MYSTERY HERD!"

BOBBY BENSON, YOUNG OWNER OF THE B-BAR-B CATTLE-SPREAD, AND HIS HARD-RIDING HANDS LISTEN ATTENTIVELY AS A VETERINARIAN FINISHES EXAMINING THE HERD.

ROUGHLY TEN PER CENT OF YOUR HERD ARE **SICK** CATTLE, ABSOLUTELY **UN-FIT** FOR SALE!

GOLLY, WE EXPECTED TO MOVE THE WHOLE HERD NORTH TO MARKET IN THREE DAYS!



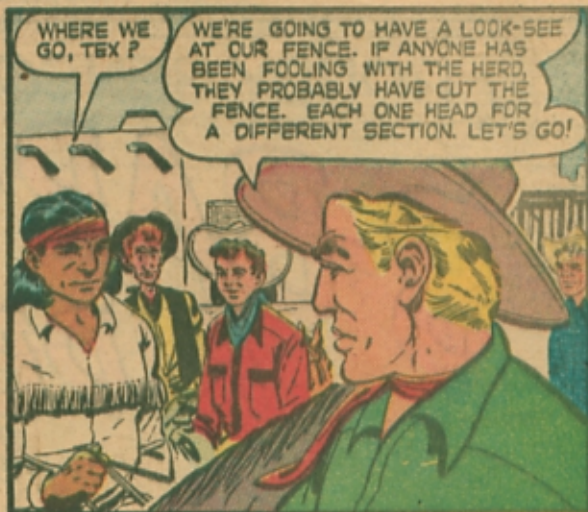
I SUGGEST YOU PLACE THE SICK CATTLE IN A SEPARATE FIELD SO THEY WON'T INFECT ANY OTHERS IN THE HERD. THEY ALL ARE YOUR CATTLE, AREN'T THEY?

SURE ARE — THEY ALL HAVE THE B-BAR-B BRAND ON THEM...BUT TWO DAYS AGO THERE WASN'T A SICK STEER IN THE WHOLE HERD! SOMETHING FUNNY IS GOING ON!





# BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS





## BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

HARDLY DOES THE ECHO OF BOBBY'S CALL FOR HELP DIE WHEN THUNDERING HOOPS ANNOUNCE THE ARRIVAL OF TWO B-BAR-B RIDERS!

COME ON, WINDY! BOBBY NEEDS HELP!

OKAY, TEX! RIGHT BEHIND... OOPS!



NEXT TIME YOU WANT TO FIGHT, TRY SOMEONE YOUR OWN SIZE! MEANWHILE TRY THIS FOR SIZE!

URRGH! REACH, GENTS!



WHY, YUH ORNERY SIDE-WINDER! IFN I HADN'T TRIPPED YUH'D NEVER HAVE GOTTEN THAT GUN UP!

FAR AS I'M CONCERNED YOU'RE TRESPASSIN'! AN THE LAW SAYS IT'S LEGAL TO PLUG TRESPASSERS! SO GIT!



CLIMBING BACK OVER THE FENCE, BOBBY AND THE BOYS RIDE AWAY...

I SAW A STRANGE LOOKING CUT ON OUR SIDE OF THE FENCE, AND WHEN I WENT OVER TO CHECK A SIMILAR CUT ON THEIR LAND THEY SURPRISED ME.

THEY CERTAINLY HANDLED YOU ROUGH FOR JUST LOOKING—UNLESS THOSE CUTS IN THE GROUND MEAN SOMETHING!



I CAN'T FIGURE HOW THE CUT GOT ON OUR SIDE. THE FENCE WASN'T CUT—IT HASN'T EVEN BEEN TOUCHED!

I GOT ME AN IDEA! I'LL MAKE SURE THOSE HOMBRES DON'T TOUCH OUR FENCE! I'LL WIRE IT TO OUR POWERLINE AND THE FIRST CRITTER WHO TOUCHES IT'LL BE IN FER A SHOCK!

BOBBY, YOU AND IRISH RIDE DOWN AND PICKET THE SICK CATTLE IN THE EAST FIELD.

RIGHT, TEX. WHEN WE RIDE FOR MARKET IN THREE DAYS WE WANT TO BE SURE WE DON'T HAVE ANY MORE SICK CATTLE!



BUT THE NEXT MORNING...

TEX! TEX! THE SICK CATTLE IN THE EAST MEADOW ARE ALL FENCED IN THE WAY WE LEFT THEM LAST NIGHT BUT THERE ARE FIFTY MORE SICK HEAD IN THE REST OF THE HERD!

BUT THAT CAN'T BE!





# BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

**BUT A QUICK LOOK CONFIRMS BOBBY'S DUMB NEWS!**

FIFTY SICK STEERS—AND ALL WITH THE B-BAR-B BRAND! TONIGHT LET'S STRING UP CANS FILLED WITH PEBBLES ALONG THE FENCE BY OUR NEW NEIGHBORS. IF ANYONE CROSSES WE CAN HEAR THE RATTLE.

THAT WON'T BE ALL YUH'LL HEAR! SPARKS'LL BE FLYIN'! I GOT THAT SECTION OF THE FENCE ALL WIRED!



**THAT NIGHT THE BOYS SPLIT UP AND LISTEN ALONG THE FENCE. SUDDENLY...**

BOBBY, WAS THAT YOU SHAKIN' CHANGE IN YORE POCKET?

NO, WINDY! THE CANS ARE RATT-ING!



COME ON! LET'S SEE WHO'S FIDDLING AROUND OUR FENCE!

WAIT TILL I THROW ON THE SWITCH! I DON'T KNOW WHO'S DOWN BY THE FENCE, BUT HE'S GONNA HAVE A HEAP OF VOLTS TO KEEP 'IM COMPANY!



**BOBBY AND WINDY RACE DOWN TO THE FENCE...**

CAREFUL WHEN YOU REACH THE FENCE, WINDY!

DON'T WORRY 'BOUT ME, LITTLE BOSS! I KNOW WHAT I'M DOIN'... YIII!



**MEANWHILE DOWN THE FENCE A FEW YARDS TWO SHADY FIGURES BECOME ALERT...**

HEY! DID YOU HEAR THAT FELLA YELL? SOMEONE'S SNOOP-IN 'ROUND HERE!

QUICK! SWING THE RAMP BACK BEFORE THEY SEE US!



HERE THEY ARE! WINDY, TURN OFF THE JUICE, AND CALL THE BOYS!

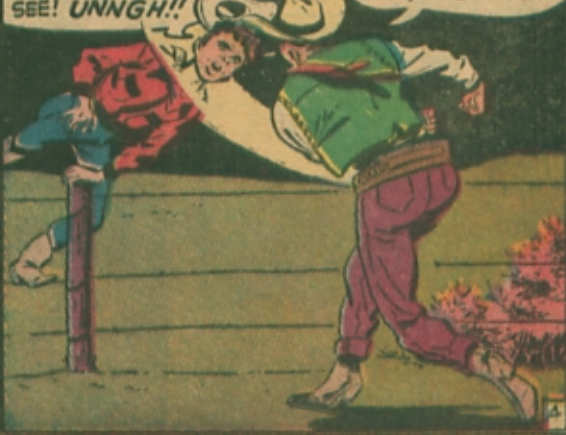
START THE MOTOR! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT BRAT!



**AS WINDY TURNS OFF THE ELECTRICITY, BOBBY LEAPS OVER THE FENCE...**

WHAT'S IN THAT TRUCK? I'M GOING TO SEE! UNNGH!!

THE ONLY THING YOU'RE GOIN' TO SEE, KID, IS STARS!



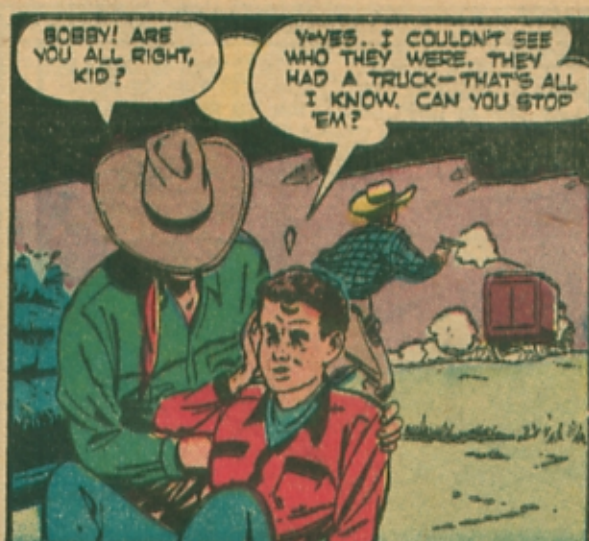


# BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



THERE GOES A TRUCK, TEX!

FIRE AT THEIR TIRES!



BOBBY! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, KID?

Y-YES. I COULDN'T SEE WHO THEY WERE. THEY HAD A TRUCK—THAT'S ALL I KNOW. CAN YOU STOP 'EM?



'FRAID NOT. THEIR TRUCK VANISHED IN THE NIGHT. WE MIGHT HAVE CAUGHT 'EM IF WINDY HADN'T GOT HIMSELF A SHOCK AND SCARED 'EM OFF!

IT'S FUNNY—THEY WERE NEAR THE FENCE TOO, BECAUSE THE CANS RATTLED, BUT THE ELECTRICITY DIDN'T AFFECT THEM... I THINK I KNOW WHY, AND NEXT TIME I MEET UP WITH THEM I'M GETTING THEM!



THE NEXT MORNING TEX ENTERS BOBBY'S LABORATORY...

WINDY SAID YOU WANTED TO SEE ME!

TEX, GET ALL THE HEALTHY CATTLE ROUNDED UP AND HERD THEM THROUGH THE CORRAL CHUTE ONE BY ONE. I'M GOING TO SPRAY THEM WITH LUMINOUS PAINT!



SOON AFTER, THE B-BAR-B HANDS ROUND UP AND LEAD THE HERD BY BOBBY WHO BUSILY WORKS HIS SPRAY GUN...

YIPPEE! MOVE ALONG, DOGGIE!

BEATS ME WHAT THIS 'SPRAYIN' DOES FOR THESE CRITTERS! I CAN'T EVEN SEE THE STUFF YORE SPRAYIN' 'EM WITH!



YOU WILL WHEN THE TIME COMES!

WAL, MEBBE IT'LL KEEP FLIES OFF'N THEM!



IT'S GOING TO DO MORE THAN THAT! IT'LL KEEP RUSTLERS OFF OUR RANCH! NOW TO FINISH UP MY PLANS BY PUTTING AN ULTRAVIOLET SLIDE OVER THE SPOT-LIGHT ON MY JEEP!

IF IT'S ANYTHIN' REMOTELY CONNECTED WITH LIGHTS OR ELECTRICITY—COUNT ME OUT!

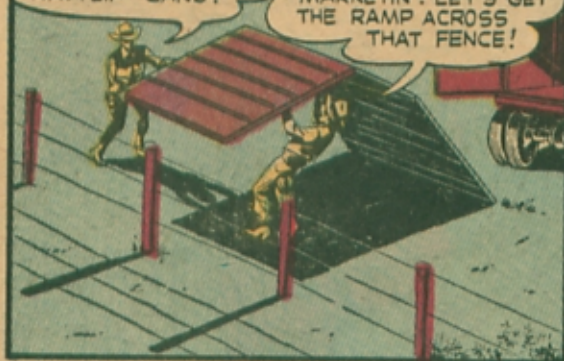


# BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

**THAT NIGHT THE MYSTERIOUS RUSTLERS STRIKE AGAIN!**

RECKON THEM FOOLS FIGURED WE'D LAY OFF AFTER LAST NIGHT'S TROUBLE — THEY TOOK DOWN THE RATTLIN' CANS!

FINE! THIS IS OUR LAST CHANCE! THEY'RE PLAN-NIN' TO RIDE TO MARKET TOMORROW — ONLY WE'LL BE DOIN' THE MARKETIN'. LET'S GET THE RAMP ACROSS THAT FENCE!



**THE TWO MEN WORK QUICKLY AND THROW A LONG RAMP ACROSS THE FENCE. ONE END LIES ON THEIR PROPERTY AND THE OTHER ON BOBBY'S, AND THEY START TO CROSS IT...**

SMOOTH AND SILENT! NO NEED TO CUT DOWN FENCES OR RIP WIRES — AN' NO CLUES LEFT BEHIND!

THIS RAMP SURE WAS A BRAINSTORM! NOW LET'S START MOVIN' SOME NICE HEALTHY B-BAR-B CATTLE TO OUR SIDE!



**SOON AFTER, THE B-BAR-B CATTLE START UP THE RAMP AND ARE PRODDED ACROSS TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCE...**

DID YA COUNT FIFTY OF 'EM?

RIGHT! NOW LET'S REPLACE 'EM BEFORE SOMEONE HEARS US!



**BUT THE RUSTLERS ARE HEARD!**

IF THIS DON'T BE THE WEIRDEST THING OF ALL! MAYBE SOME LEPRE-CHAUNS BE PLAYIN' GAMES WITH US! NO WONDER WE NEVER LOSE CATTLE! THEY MARCH 'EM RIGHT BACK!

SEEMS TUH ME I HEARD CATTLE TRAMPIN' OVER WOODEN BOARDS OUT OF OUR PROPERTY, AN' NOW I HEAR CATTLE TRAMPIN' OVER BOARDS BACK INTO OUR RANGE! THEY AIN'T BEIN' RUSTLED — THEY'RE BEIN' EXERCISED!



BUT THEY DON'T SEND THE SAME OVES BACK! I'M TURNING ON THE ULTRAVIOLET LIGHT! YOU'RE GOING TO SEE SOMETHING AMAZING! WATCH!



**BOBBY TURNS ON THE ULTRAVIOLET LIGHT AND THE CATTLE SPRAYED WITH THE LUMINOUS PAINT SUDDENLY GLOW AN EERIE RED IN THE NIGHT...**

YEEOW! GH-GHOSTS!

TARNATION! S-SOME-THIN'S GONE WRONG! RED CATTLE!





# BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



THOSE ARE OUR CATTLE, AND THEY'RE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCE! I SPRAYED THEM WITH LUMINOUS RED PAINT THIS AFTERNOON! NOW WATCH WHEN I TURN ON THE JEEP LIGHTS!



BUT, LITTLE BOSS, THEY ALL GOT THE B-BAR-B BRAND!



AND I BET THE CATTLE ON OUR SIDE ARE ALL SICK! GET 'EM, BOYS!

THIS TIME THEY WON'T GET AWAY! B-BAR-B, LET'S GO!



SO YOU'VE BEEN REPLACING OUR CATTLE WITH SICK STEERS! MISTER, NOW YOU'RE GOING TO FEEL MIGHTY SICK!

I'LL BURN YA DOWN... URRGH!

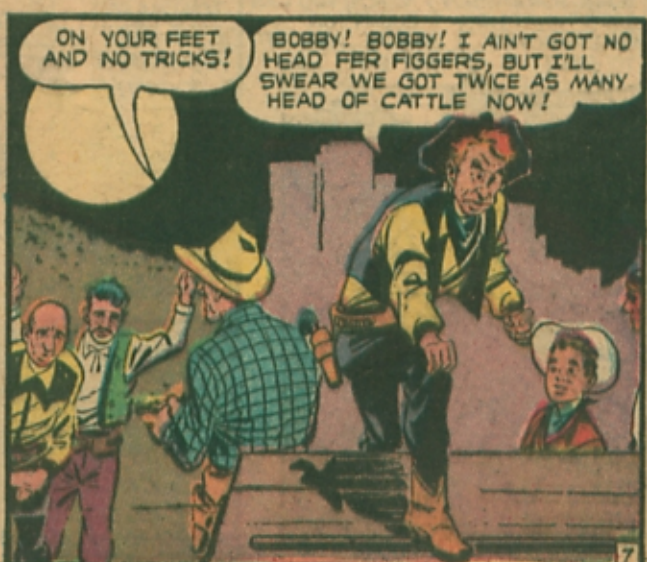


YOU WRONG! I FIND HAPPY HUNTING RIGHT HERE!



TRY TO FIRE AT ME BACK, WILL YOU!

Aiiiee!



BOBBY! BOBBY! I AIN'T GOT NO HEAD FER FIGGERS, BUT I'LL SWEAR WE GOT TWICE AS MANY HEAD OF CATTLE NOW!



# BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

BUT HALF OF THEM ARE SICK CATTLE! WE CAN SEPARATE THEM EASILY. LEAD THEM **ALL** BY THE JEEP AND I'LL TURN ON THE ULTRAVIOLET LIGHT. THE ONES THAT GLOW **RED** ARE OURS. THE OTHERS ARE THE SICK ONES THE RUSTLERS REPLACED WITH OURS.



THE CATTLE ARE QUICKLY SEPARATED, AND TRUE TO BOBBY'S DEDUCTION THE ONES THAT DON'T GLOW **RED** ARE SICK!

SO THAT WAS YOUR GAME, MISTER! YOU'D BETTER OWN UP PRONTO!

O-O-KAY. WE FIGURED IF WE RUSTLED YORE HERD OUTRIGHT WE'D GIT CAUGHT, BUT LONG AS WE RE-PLACED EACH HEAD WE STOLE YUH'D NEVER CATCH ON!



WE GOT THEM SICK CRITTERS AT A TENTH OF MARKET PRICE AND BRANDED 'EM WITH YOUR MARK. THEN WE SWAPPED CATTLE, PLANNIN' TO SELL YOUR CATTLE AT FULL MARKET PRICE. BY USIN' THAT RAMP WE FIGURED YUH'D NEVER GUESS ANYONE WAS MOVIN' CATTLE BACK AN' FORTH OVER YORE FENCE.

YOU WERE WRONG THOSE CUTS I SAW WERE MADE BY THE RAMP, AND TOLD US WHERE TO WATCH TILL WE CAUGHT YOU!



WHILE TEX AND HARKA TAKE CHARGE OF THE TWO RUSTLERS, THE OTHERS HEAD BACK TO THE RANCH...

THAT LUMINOUS PAINT IDEA OF YOURS, BOBBY, WAS A LOT SMARTER THAN WINDY'S WIRING THE FENCE!

WELL, I'M SMART ENOUGH TO KNOW EVEN IF I'VE SEEN **RED** CATTLE TO-NIGHT, THAT POEM IS KEERECT - "I'VE NEVER SEEN A **PURPLE** COW, I NEVER HOPE TO SEE ONE!"



P55T, IRISH. GIVE ME A HAND. I'VE GOT SOME SPRAYING TO DO! I WANT TO MAKE SURE WINDY SEES "WHAT HE NEVER HOPED TO SEE!"

FOR ANYTHIN' THAT'LL TAKE THE WIND OUT OF WINDY, YOU CAN COUNT ON IRISH'S HELP, ME BOY!



SOON AFTER IRISH LEADS A **PURPLE-SPRAYED** COW AS BOBBY TURNS ON THE ULTRAVIOLET LIGHT...

YEOW!... I'VE SEEN EVERYTHIN' NOW! A **PURPLE** COW!!



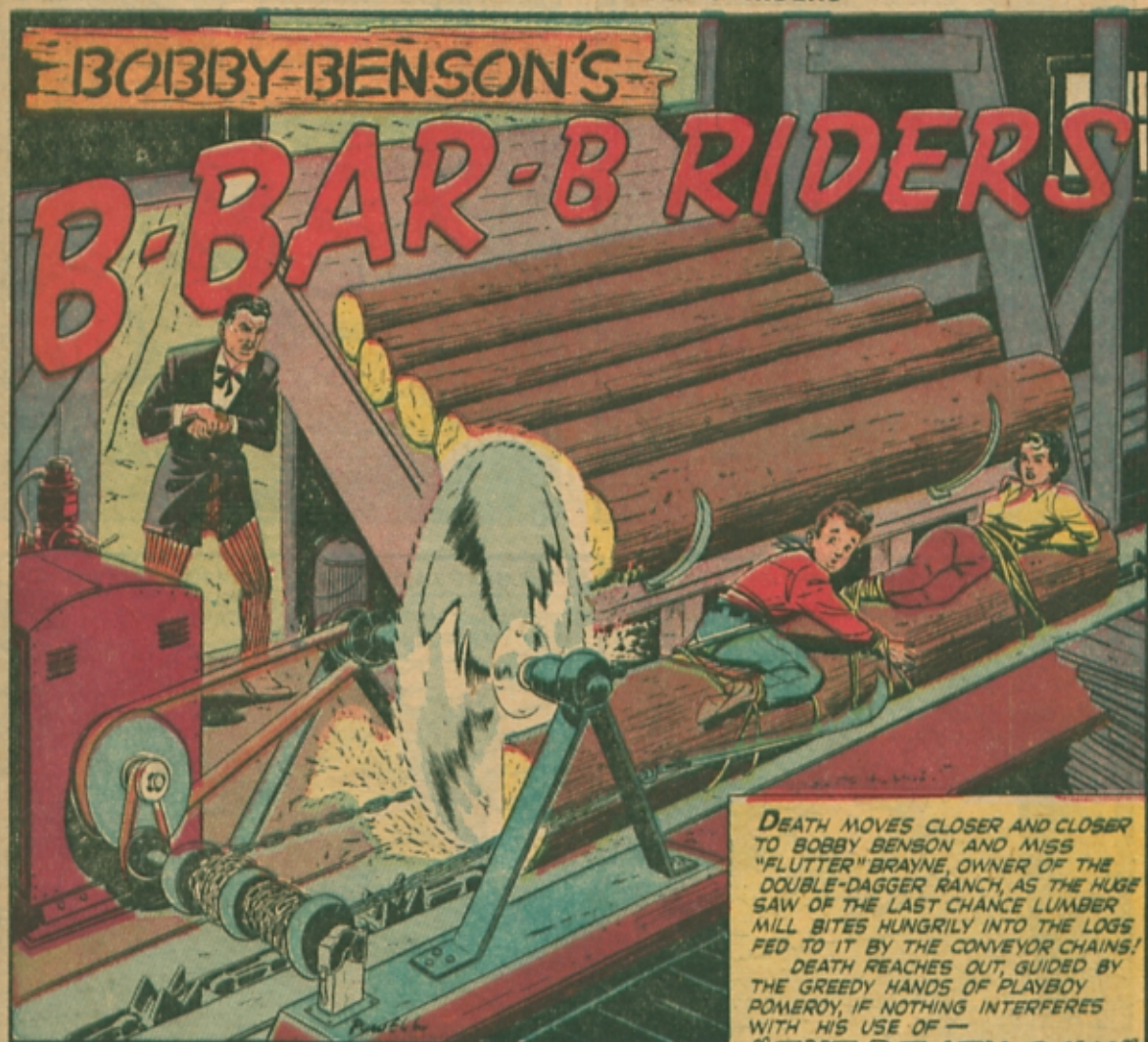
GEE, IRISH, IT'S REAL QUIET IN THE BUNKHOUSE FOR A CHANGE!

YEAH...IT'S SURE NICE NOT TO HEAR WINDY BEATING HIS GUMS FOR A SPELL... JUST KNOCKING HIS KNEES!



Listen to the Cowboy Kid Coast-to-Coast on the Mutual Network!





DEATH MOVES CLOSER AND CLOSER TO BOBBY BENSON AND MISS "FLUTTER" BRAYNE, OWNER OF THE DOUBLE-DAGGER RANCH, AS THE HUGE SAW OF THE LAST CHANCE LUMBER MILL BITES HUNGRILY INTO THE LOGS FED TO IT BY THE CONVEYOR CHAINS! DEATH REACHES OUT, GUIDED BY THE GREEDY HANDS OF PLAYBOY POMEROY, IF NOTHING INTERFERES WITH HIS USE OF —

**"THE DEATH SAW"**

OIL! OIL ON THE DOUBLE-DAGGER RANCH THAT I SOLD TO THAT STUPID BRAYNE FEMALE!

LOOK ALIVE, POMEROY! HERE COMES SOMEBODY TRAVELLIN' FAST!

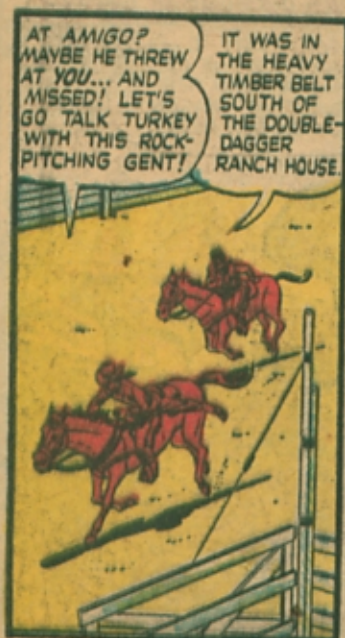
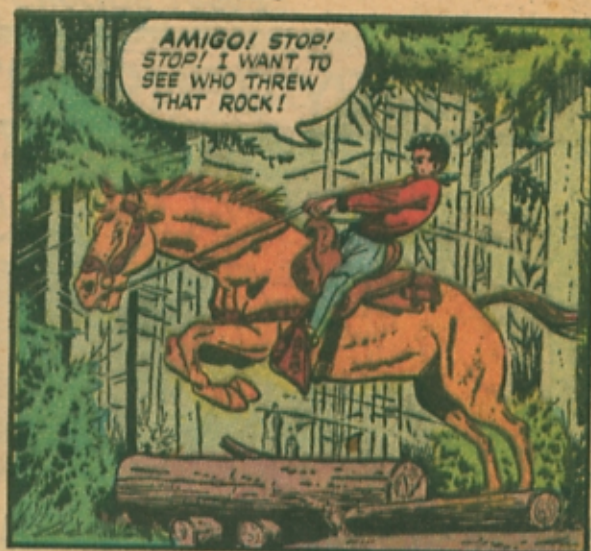


IT'S THAT BENSON BRAT! I BETTER CHASE HIM FAST! IF HE SEES US SNOOPING AROUND HER RANCH, HE'LL HAVE THAT MASON GUY ON OUR NECKS!





# BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS





# BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS





# BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

PLAYBOY POMEROY TAKES OVER THE OLD ABANDONED LUMBER MILL AS A BLIND. A FEW MEN WORK AT THE SAWMILL...



BUT, BEHIND THE FALSE FRONTS OF WORK-SHACKS, A DIFFERENT TYPE OF CAMP ARISES. A BIG OIL SHAFT IS SUNK INTO THE GROUND, AND GIANT DRILLS SLIDE DOWN THROUGH THE EARTH...

WE CAN TAKE ENOUGH OIL OUT OF HERE UNDER OUR TEN-YEAR LEASE TO MAKE US MILLIONAIRES TEN TIMES OVER!

YOU SURE PULLED A FAST ONE, ALL RIGHT! AND BEST OF ALL, THERE'S NOTHIN' NOBODY CAN DO! IT'S ALL LEGAL!



AT THAT MOMENT, BOBBY BENSON IS QUARTERING UP FROM THE B-BAR-B SPREAD TO MEET MISS FLUTTER...

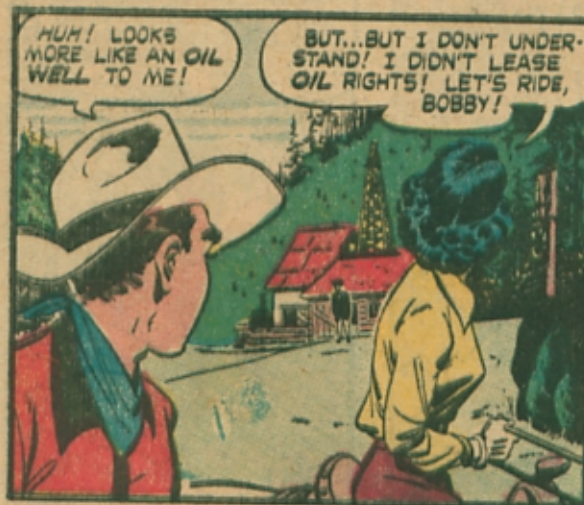
I HEAR YOU LEASED YOUR LAND FOR TIMBER RIGHTS, MISS BELINDA.

THOSE TREES AREN'T DOING ME ANY GOOD, —ALTHOUGH I HOPE THE LOGGERS LEAVE ME ENOUGH FOR A WINDBREAK... SHALL WE TAKE A LOOK AT THE LUMBER CAMP WHILE WE WAIT FOR TEX AND THE BOYS TO JOIN US ON OUR PICNIC?



HUH! LOOKS MORE LIKE AN OIL WELL TO ME!

BUT...BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND! I DIDN'T LEASE OIL RIGHTS! LET'S RIDE, BOBBY!



TOO LATE, NOW, BABY! I COVERED THE OIL WELL WITH A FINE PRINT CLAUSE! I GET ALL THE OIL I CAN DRILL OUT OF HERE FOR THE NEXT TEN YEARS!

BUT YOU WON'T — BECAUSE I'M GOING TO PHONE MY LAWYERS IN NEW YORK. THEY HAVE TO SIGN THAT LEASE AS TRUSTEES. YOU SEE, I BOUGHT THE RANCH WITH TRUST FUNDS.



IF THAT'S TRUE — THEN MY LEASE WON'T BE LEGAL UNTIL THEY'VE SIGNED!

AND THEY WON'T SIGN — WHEN I PHONE THEM NOT TO! YOU... OHHH! LET ME GO!



YOU LET HER GO! LET MISS BELINDA ALONE!

WHY, YOU BRAT! I'LL FIX YOU...!





# BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



WITH A HARSH CRUEL LAUGH, BIG LARSEN THROWS THE SWITCH OF THE LITTLE GASOLINE MOTOR THAT DRIVES THE SAW AND CONVEYOR BELT...



NOW THE STEEL TEETH OF THE BIG CIRCULAR SAW ARE ON TOP OF THEM! MISS BELINDA'S EYES CLOSE IN MOUNTING HYSTERIA! BOBBY...NOT QUITE UNCONSCIOUS, BUT LIMP AND DAZED FROM BIG LARSEN'S FIST...LIES HELPLESS...





# BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

AND THEN BOBBY OPENS HIS EYES! IN HIS HAND IS THE STONE HE PICKED UP FROM THE SAWMILL FLOOR. HIS BONDS ARE LOOSELY, HURRIEDLY TIED...

THE SAW! RIGHT ON TOP OF US!

THAT HANDLE ON THE GASOLINE MOTOR IS A STOP-START LEVER. IT WON'T SHUT OFF THE MOTOR...BUT IT WILL HALT THE SAW...IF I CAN HIT IT WITH THIS ROCK...

ONLY ONE CHANCE! I'VE GOT TO RISK EVERYTHING! I'VE BEEN PRACTISING WITH A BASEBALL ALL SPRING TO GET CONTROL...SO HERE GOES!

BOBBY! YOU DID IT! THE SAW IS STOPPING!



I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A JIFFY, MISS FLUTTER!

BOBBY—YOU'RE A HERO!



BUT THE SUDDEN STOPPING OF THE MOTOR HAS BROUGHT LARSEN ON THE RUN!

WHAT THE—? BLAST IT! I SHOULD NEVER HAVE GONE OUT TO GET POMEROY!

BOBBY... WATCH OUT!



I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU MANAGED TO FREE YOURSELF... BUT YOU WON'T DO IT AGAIN!

THUD!

STOP FIGHTING, BABY! IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD! THIS TIME THERE'S NO HOPE! YOU'RE GOING TO DIE!

YOU BEAST...YOU FIEND! LET...ME...GO! OHHH... WON'T SOMEBODY HELP ME?



# BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

AT THAT MOMENT, LESS THAN A HALF-MILE AWAY...

THERE'S AMIGO NOW, BOYS! AND MISS FLUTTER'S PONY!

LISTEN! DOGGONE—AIN'T THAT MISS FLUTTER'S VOICE—YELLIN' FER HELP!



LITTLE BOSS! HE—HE'S DAID!

HUH?

IN A COLD, MAD FURY, TEX MASON HURLS HIMSELF AT POMEROY! HIS HARD FISTS POUND LIKE PISTONS!

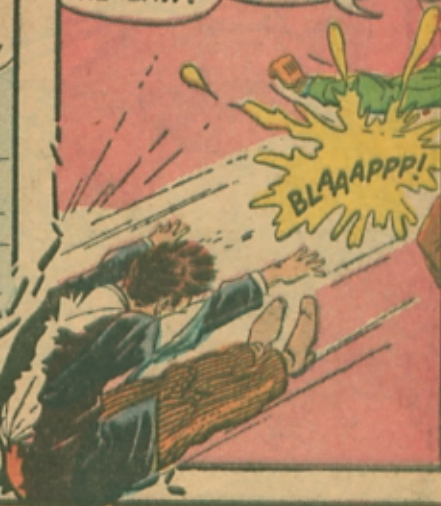
NO...NO...NO... DON'T HIT ME!

DON'T HIT YOU, YOU YELLOW COWARD?! TYING A GIRL AND BOY ON THAT LOG....!



FOR A FEW MOMENTS, TEX GOES COLDLY MAD! HIS FISTS TEAR AND BATTER MERCILESSLY...

I'M ALMOST SORRY... THAT I HAVE TO...TURN YOU OVER TO... THE LAW!



STOPPING THE WHIRLING SAW, WINDY FREES MISS BELINDA, THEN TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO YOUNG BOBBY...

DOGGONE, LITTLE BOSS! IF WE HADN'T BEEN RIDIN' OUT FER THAT PICNIC... ?GULP!

HE STOPPED THE SAW ONCE. HE'S A HERO, WINDY! IS HE ALL RIGHT?



IF I EVER SEE THIS POMEROYLE POLECAT ANYWHERE WITHIN FIFTY MILES OF THIS BIG BEND COUNTRY, I'M GOING TO DO ANOTHER JOB ON HIM! TAKE 'EM INTO TOWN, IRISH! I WANT TO SEE BOBBY!

I'LL BE AFTER DOIN' THAT, TEX. I ONLY HOPE ONE O' THESE SIDE WINDERS TRIES SOMETHIN' FUNNY. I GOT AN AWFUL ITCH ON MY TRIGGER FINGER!



BUT BOBBY... WITH THE STRONG BODY OF A COW COUNTRY BOY—IS THINKING OF ONE THING...

ALL RIGHT? SURE I'M ALL RIGHT—CEPT I CAN ALMOST TASTE THOSE TURKEY SANDWICHES MISS FLUTTER MADE FOR OUR PICNIC—SO LET'S EAT! I'M HUNGRY!

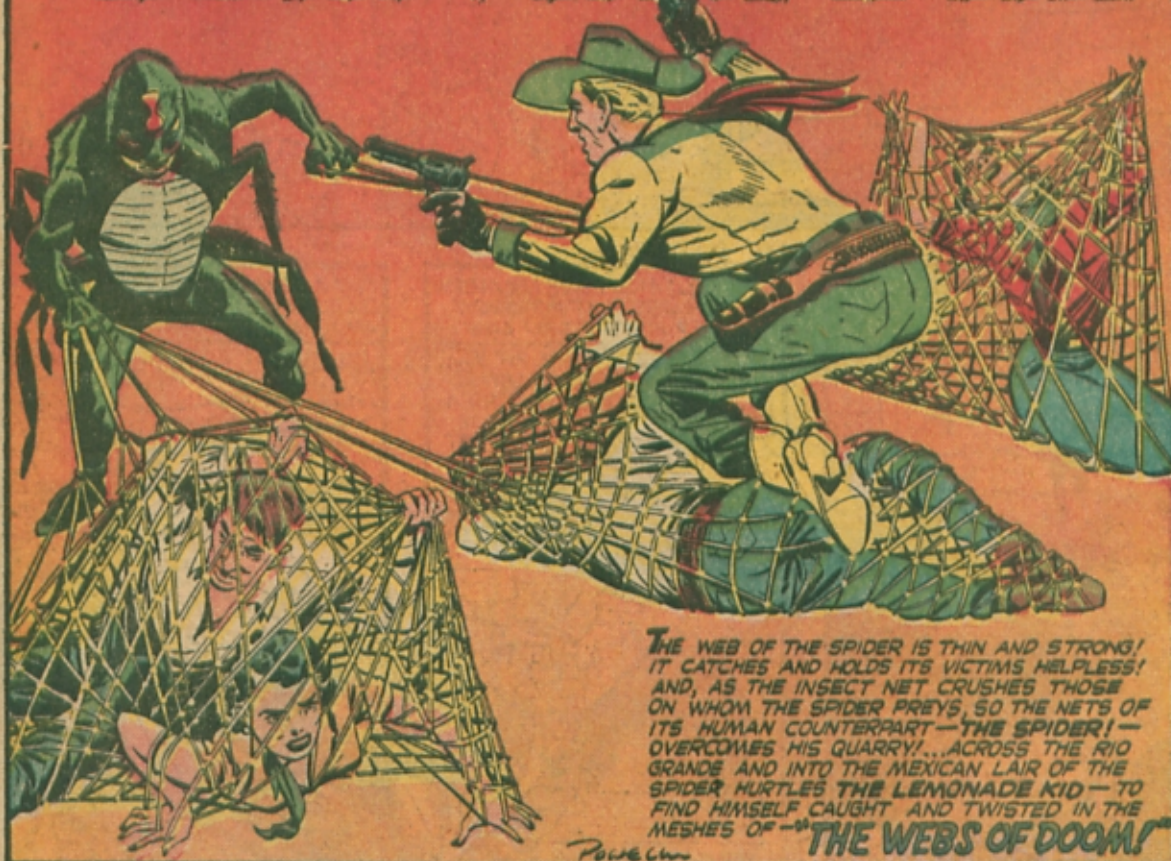
LITTLE BOSS—I'ER-FER ONCE I GOT NOTHIN' TO SAY!



Listen to the Cowboy Kid Coast-to-Coast on the Mutual Network!



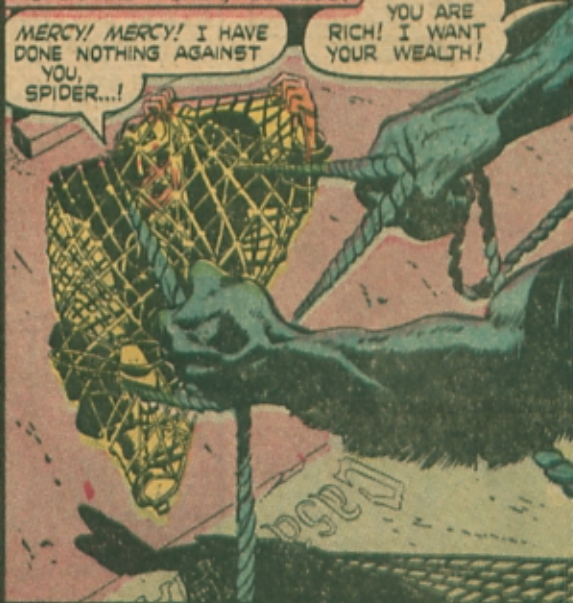
# The LEMONADE KID



MEXICAN MOONLIGHT SILVERS THE STREETS OF CARRIZAL AS A VOICE RIPS THE SILENT NIGHT WITH SHRIEKS OF FEAR...

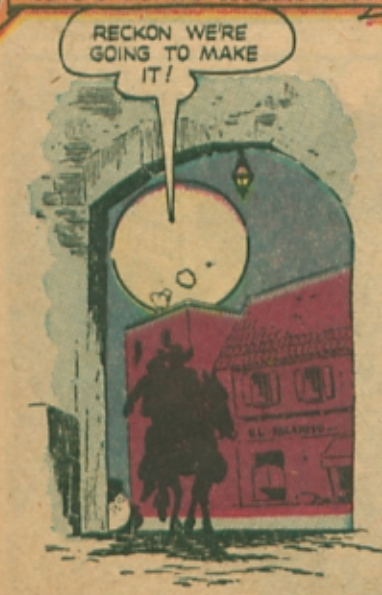
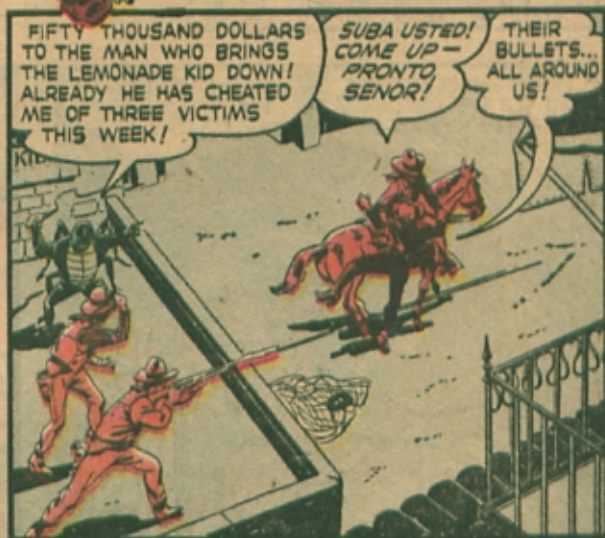


STRUGGLING AND SCREAMING, HE IS LIFTED HIGHER AND HIGHER, HELPLESS!





# BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



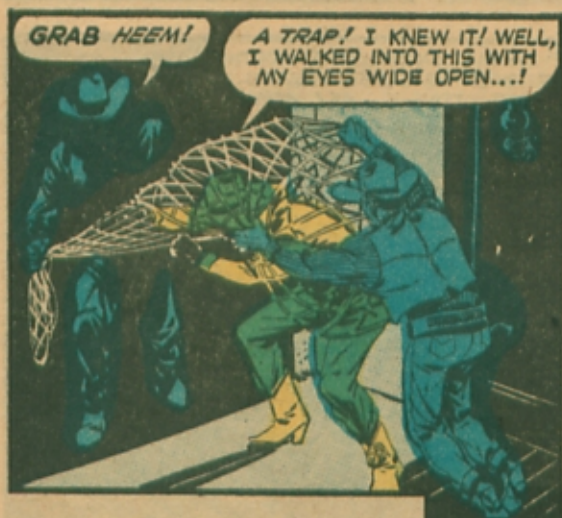


# BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS





# BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS





# BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

AND NOW FOR THE MASTER STROKE OF MY CAREER!—TO CAPTURE THE MEXICO LIMITED WHICH IS EVEN NOW BEARING DOWN ON THE NEW SIDING WHICH WILL DIVERT IT TO MY MOUNTAIN CAVE!



FOR DAYS THE SPIDER'S PEDS HAVE BEEN LAYING TIES AND RAILS! NOW, AS THE MEXICO LIMITED THUNDERS TOWARD THAT NEW SIDING...MEN LEAP FROM THE SWAYING TRAIN CAR ROOFS.



NOW THAT THE TRAIN EES OURS —WE CAN DRIVE EET OVER THE NEW SIDING!

SI—TOWARD THE CAVE WHERE THE SPIDER WAITS!



SHORTLY THEREAFTER, IN THE SPIDER'S LAIR...

A MILLION DOLLAR'S WORTH OF IMPORTED SILKS...VELVETS... GOLD...JEWELS...ALL MINE!



MEANWHILE, SWAYING AND SWINGING TWO THOUSAND FEET ABOVE A ROCKY CANYON FLOOR, THE LEMONADE KID FACES CERTAIN DEATH!

THE MORE I STRUGGLE, THE MORE I WRAP MYSELF IN THIS NETTING! I CAN'T EVEN DEFEND MYSELF...

...AGAINST THESE BIRDS! I'VE NO CHANCE AT ALL TO WORK FREE! NO WEAPON...NO KNIFE...I'LL BE EXHAUSTED SOON...TOO WEAK TO FIGHT THEM OFF... BUT MAYBE—!



THE RAZOR-SHARP ROWEL OF THE KID'S SPUR CATCHES IN A BIT OF WEBBING...CUTS THE NET CLEANLY WITH A DOWNWARD THRUST OF THE LEMONADE KID'S LEG...

MY SPUR! IT'S SHARP! SHARP ENOUGH TO CUT THIS STUFF...IT WILL DO IT... BUT IT WILL TAKE TIME...





# BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

SWIFTLY AND SAVAGELY THE LEMONADE KID KICKS BOTH FEET—SAWING, SLASHING, CUTTING THE NET ROPES...

MADE IT! KICKED MYSELF FREE...



I CAN FOLLOW THE SPIDER'S TRAIL EASILY ENOUGH... BUT WITHOUT MY GUNS, I DON'T KNOW WHAT GOOD I CAN DO...



NEW RAILROAD TRACKS...AND A BIT OF SILK! THE MEXICO LIMITED WAS CARRYING SILK...BUT THIS TRACK IS FAR OFF ITS ROUTE! SAY—COME TO THINK OF IT...I DID HEAR THE SPIDER MENTION THE MEXICO LIMITED AS HE RODE AWAY...



HOURS LATER, AS THE LEMONADE KID MAKES HIS WAY HIGH ON THE TABLELAND ABOVE THE SPIDER'S CAVE...

THE SPIDER HAS GUARDS EVERYWHERE! NO CHANCE OF GETTING DOWN TO HIS CAVE! HUH...WHAT'S THAT HOLE?



DISCOVERING ONE OF THE NATURAL CHIMNEYS THAT KEEPS THE AIR CLEAN IN THE GREAT CAVE BELOW, THE LEMONADE KID GOES DOWN...



WHERE ARE THOSE ROCKS COMING FROM?

UP THERE! LOOK!

A MAN... COMING DOWN!



HE'LL COME DOWN HERE WITH HIS GOOSE COOKED WHEN THEES FIRE STARTS HEATING HEEM UP!

IF THE FIRE DOESN'T GET HIM...MY COLT... AS WILL...!





# BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

THE FLAMES ROAR HIGHER AND HIGHER BELOW HIM—HE IS CAUGHT IN AN INFERNO OF BLAZING HEAT AND CHOKING SMOKE, WITH BULLETS BOUNCING AND WHINING ALL AROUND HIM...!

—COUGH—COUGH—CAN'T SEE...EYES WATERING...ONE OF THOSE BULLETS HAS TO GET ME...



ONLY ONE THING TO DO ... TAKE A CHANCE ON THIS SQAURE OF SILK...



HOT AIR LIFTS! THIS SILK WILL FILL WITH IT AND ACT LIKE A PARACHUTE...IT'LL GET ME DOWN THERE PRONTO!



YOU HOMBRES CAN BREAK MY FALL!

GGYAAAA!

NNNNH  
GGG!



NOW TO BORROW A COUPLE OF COLTS—!



GET HIM!  
GET HIM, ONE OF YOU?

TOO MANY OF THEM! LOOKS LIKE I FELL INTO A HORNET'S NEST—WITH NO WAY OF GETTING OUT AGAIN!

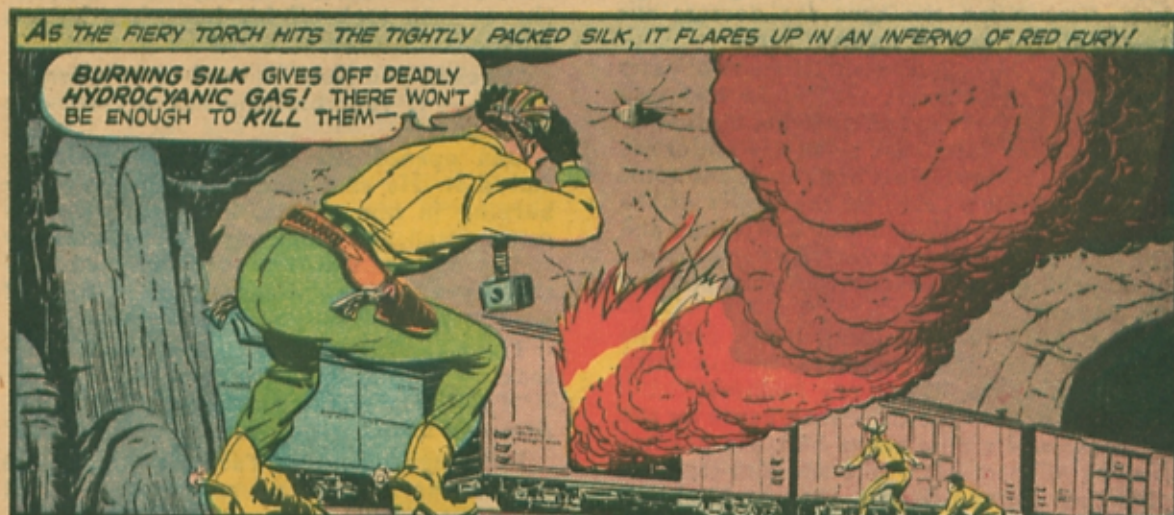
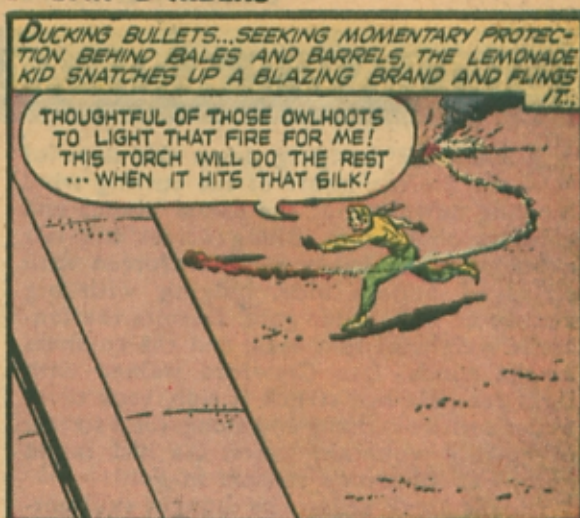
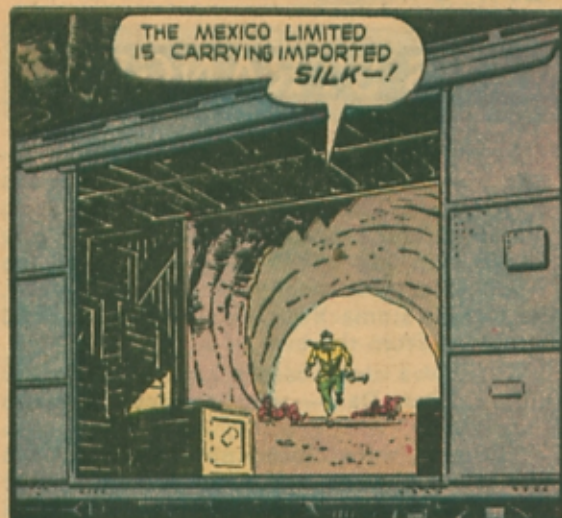


SURPLUS ARMY MATERIALS... AND GAS MASKS! HEY...THEY GIVE ME AN IDEA...





# BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



Listen to the Cowboy Kid Coast-to-Coast on the Mutual Network!



## OUTLAWS ARE ALWAYS STRANGERS

HE CAME trudging down the slope of the Sierras, aware of the cutting wind blowing down out of the dwarf pinons and conifers above him. Slung across his left shoulder was a heavy sack reinforced with strips of buffalo hide, bulging with big chunks of rich, crude gold. Despite the fantastic weight of that sack, and the coldness of the winds, Dan Crawford walked with light feet. He had struck it rich, back there under a rock overhang and alongside a stream of flowing mountain water. He had found gold — an emperor's ransom in gold!

*It's the break, at last!* he thought exultantly, the warmth of his blood beating through him. *Now Ellen can have the doctors she needs, all the best of medical care!*

He had come west with Ellen two years ago, when the doctors in Boston had told him, with wry shakes of their heads, that he had to get her into fresh clean dry air, or see her die. Dan had sold his little store and come west, had built a cabin on the slopes of the Sierras between Nevada and California, and for lack of anything better to do, had taken up searching the mountain rocks and streams for pay-dirt.

"It was the luckiest thing I ever did," he told a bluejay that chattered from a lofty limb high above. "The very luckiest!"

He did not see the three men pause on the rimrock, half a mile above him. He did not see one of them lift a rifle and aim it; hesitate, then lower the rifle, shaking his head.

\* \* \*

Ellen was waiting for him, slim and lovely as he remembered, waving a bit of cloth above her head, shouting in the crisp air. Then she was running swiftly down the shale of the pathway, into his arms.

He hugged her, carefully, dropping the sack.

"How are you, kitten? Better? Any more coughing?"

She looked up at him, and her eyes shone brightly. "Not even the tiniest, Dan! I've never felt so good! Old Doctor Murphy won't have to come up to see me any more. He said so himself!"

"No!"

In the excitement of her good news, Dan forgot the sack bulging at his feet. Then he remembered and swung it up. He laughed. "Take a look inside, Ellen!"

Her eyes rounded with awe. She whispered, "Gold? Is it really — gold?"

"It sure is, ma'am," rasped a voice from the heavy timber behind them. "Good yaller gold. Worth a fortune!"

Dan swung around, one hand groping inside his heavy, sheepskin-lined coat for his big Colt .45. Three men were stepping from the scrub and firs, one of them with a rifle uplitted in his hands. The muzzle of the Winchester was steadying on Dan's belly. He felt his stomach shrink sickly as his hand fell away from the butt of his gun.

Ellen was close beside him, hand to her mouth. "Dan, Dan — who are they? What do they want?"

The men were closer, now. One of them was clean-shaven, tall, and heavy in the shoulders. The others were thick-set, bearded men, with narrow, cruel eyes. The clean-shaven man took off his hat when he saw Ellen.

"Reckon you have no need to be alarmed, ma'am — if your husband has any sense at all, that is!"

Dan opened his mouth, then suddenly closed it. He said thickly, with the anger burning in him slowly, knowing what the men wanted, and despising them for their sly smiles, and the amusement that shone out of their eyes at his helplessness before them, "I got sense. What do you want?"

The clean-shaven man kicked the bulging sack with a boot-toe.

"This! The gold. That's what we want. And — a map showing where you found it."

Dan laughed coldly. "Take the gold. You're welcome to it. But the map, now — you'll never get that!"

One of the heavy, bearded men stepped forward with a growl, lifting out the big bone-handled hunting knife at his belt. "Let me work on him a little while, Hal," he said. "I know some Injun tricks . . ."

The man named Hal thrust the other back. The smile never left his face as he looked down at Ellen, studying her flushed cheeks, the thin body.

"No need to disturb the lady, Bert. Leastwise — not out here in the open! Let's all go inside, up yonder into the cabin!"

Dan led the way, with an arm around Ellen's shoulder. He let Hal shoulder the sack of crude gold nuggets and carry it. Once Ellen turned her face to look up at him, and whisper, "Dan, they think —" but his hand was tight on her shoulder, squeezing her to silence.

A fire roared in the stone hearth where copper cooking utensils were strung on a wire. The meaty odor of simmering stew hung fragrant and appetizing in the cabin. Hal drew the smell of the stuff into his lungs



## BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

and dropped the heavy sack. He went and stood over the pot, staring down into it, and smiling.

"Reckon there's no need for roughness until after we've eaten," he told everyone. "Light down, Crawford. Set yourself in a chair so Bert can watch you. Ma'am, I'd admire fine to have a platter of that stew in front of me. Not every man has such a pretty cook to be his wife."

Lips tightly compressed, Ellen went about gathering crockery and spoons. The bearded men watched her, and licked their lips. Men who lived by their guns and their wits rarely sat at a home-cooked meal.

Dan watched them carefully, wondering how and when his chance would come; and if it did, whether he could overcome the three of them. *They look like trouble had walked a long time with them, and they know how to handle 't*, he found himself thinking. He did not despair until Hal came and tied his arms and legs tightly to a chair.

Then he sat and watched them eat, and knew himself beaten.

Midway in the meal, between the first and second helpings of the stew, the knock sounded on the door. Hal was out of his chair, Colt in hand, before Dan could turn toward the door.

"Answer it!" Hal whispered savagely. "Act ordinary. Give us away and your wife gets the first bullet!"

His knife freed Dan. Dan stood up, rubbing his wrists as they ached with the blood flowing back into them. He nodded, and went to the door.

Sam Jeffers stood in the doorway, grinning amiably. "Jest thought I'd stop by on my way to town, Dan! Mebbe you might like me to bring you some fixin's or bacon or some such?"

Dan smiled, but shook his head. "We have everything, Sam. Ohh, by the way. You might drop by and see Old Doc Murphy. Tell him my wife has been doing poorly lately. Ask him to stop up here next time he's around."

"Why, I — I'll be plumb glad to, Dan. You rest easy, now. I'll see he gets here right quick. Wouldn't want nothing to happen to Mrs. Dan, now would we?"

Dan closed the door, hearing Hal say, "That was handled just fine, Crawford. Natural-like! Mebbe we won't have to use no rough stuff, after all — if you're reasonable."

They tied him up again, but not as tightly as before, and he watched the trio wolf down the remainder of the stew. Then Hal thrust back his chair and jerked a thumb at the sack of gold just inside the door. "Plenty of that yaller stuff back where you found this?"

"Plenty," admitted Dan.

Hal laughed. "Just testin' you, hombre. We cut yore sign two weeks ago. We saw you nosin' around, then lost sight of you for a while. When we cut yore trail again — you had the gold." He drew a deep breath and leaned forward. "You found that gold while we lost sight of you. It could be anywhere back there in the hills. Be better for everybody if you'd scratch its location on this bit of paper."

He pushed a soiled sheet of paper across the bare tabletop. Dan said, "Reckon I'll have to think about it. . ."

Bert growled, "Let me at him, Hal! I know ways to make a wooden Injun talk. . . !"

Hal gestured the bearded man to silence. He leaned back and smiled, and his smile sent a cold shudder down Dan's back. Hal said, "You want time. Good! We've nothing to do. You have until darkness to make up your mind."

They sat there, silent, all of them. The bearded men took out their knives and toyed with them, looking steadily all the while at Dan. Once Ellen whimpered, and covered her face with her hands. The gathering dusk came swiftly down the mountainside, slipped under the door and through the windows. Outside, a coyote howled twice.

Hal got up and lighted a lamp. He looked at Dan who shrugged and said, "Cut me loose. I'll draw your map."

He took a long time doing it, Outside the coyote howled again, and then again. Dan shoved the paper across the table. Hal picked it up and studied it, frowning. His lips moved once or twice, as if checking his own knowledge against what the map showed. Satisfied, he folded it carefully and put it in his coat.

"Let's go, boys," he told the others.

They picked up their packs and followed him to the door. When Hal swung it open, a man with a star on his coat stood there, a heavy Colt in his hand, aimed at Hal's belly. Behind him there were other men, all with guns in their hands.

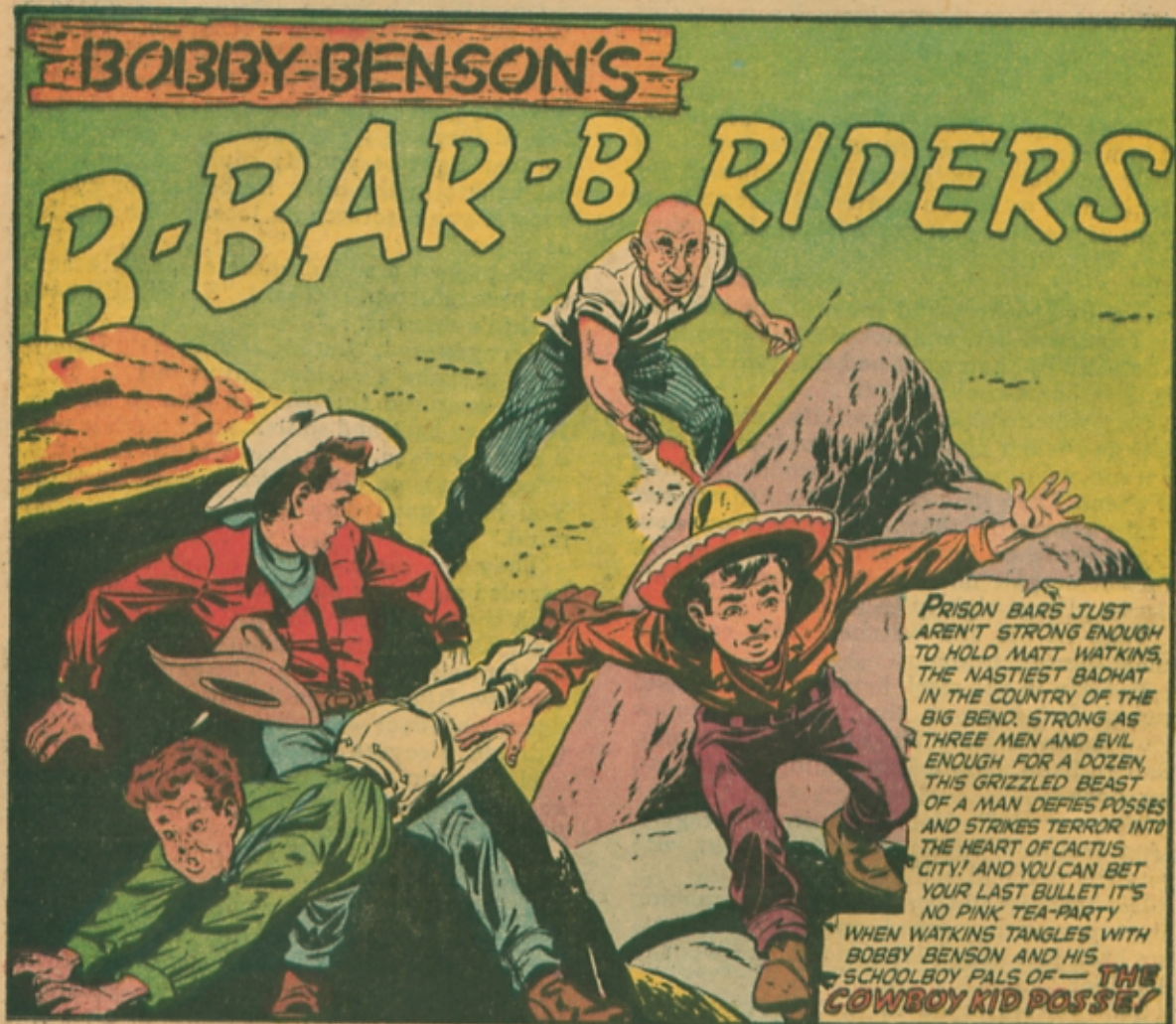
Dan stood up as the men came in. He nodded to them. He said, "Outlaws are always strangers in any community. These bad hats thought Ellen was my wife — but it happens she's my sister. Everybody 'round here knew that. It tipped Sam off that something was wrong."

"I spied on 'em from back yonder, Dan," announced Sam. "When I saw you tied up, I run like a scared jackrabbit fer the sheriff an' some boys! That was me howlin' like a coyote to tip you off we were here."

Dan held out his hand toward Hal. "The map," he said. When he had it safely in his fingers he went toward the fire and dropped it in. "I'll file claim in the morning. I won't need this — not any more!"

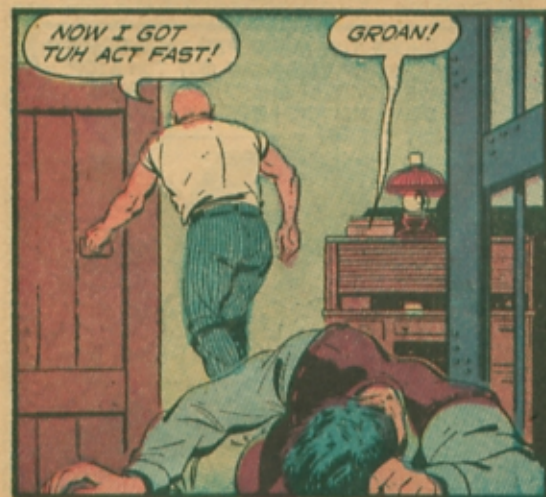
THE END







# BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS





# BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



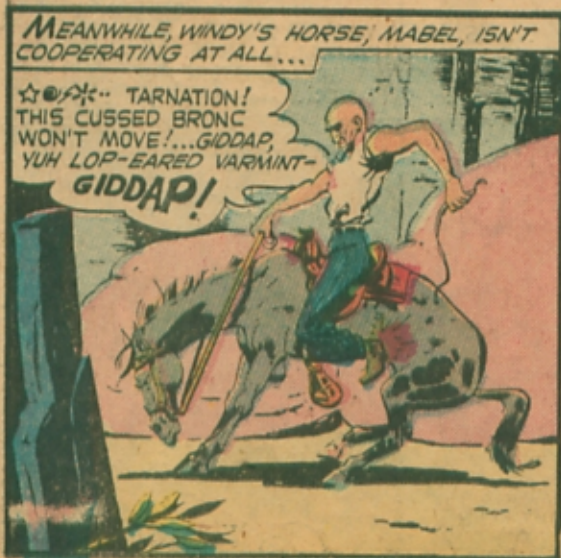


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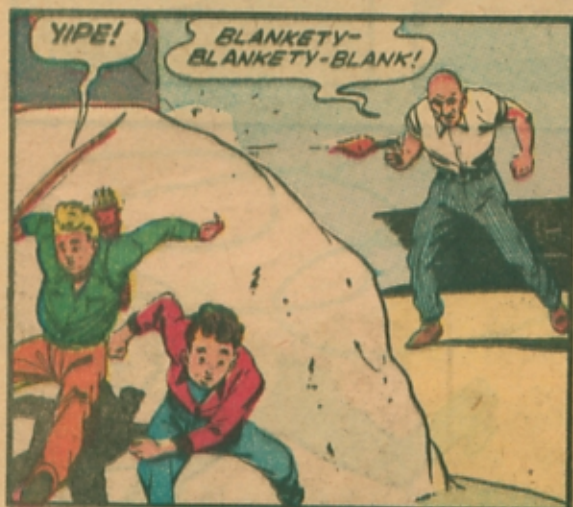


# BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS





# BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS





# BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

CRISCO SURE IS A SHARK WITH THOSE SUCTION ARROWS OF HIS! THERE GOES ANOTHER SHOT—*ONLY ONE MORE TO GO!* GET READY WITH THAT FIRE CRACKER, DIEGO...



TAKE THET, YUH... TARNATION, *NOBODY HYAR!* HE'S ALL SHOT OUT, BOYS... MAKE FOR THE PONIES!



NO—NO—  
NO—NO!



ENOUGH! ENOUGH! I'LL COME ALONG PEACEFUL—TAKE ME BACK TUH JAIL WHAR IT'S *SAFE!*

HEY—THERE'S THE POSSE COMING NOW, WITH *WINDY!*



ALL RIGHT, FELLOWS, LET'S GO HOME—I THINK THE *POSSE* WILL BE *SAFE NOW!*

HO HUM! DON'TCHA THINK WE OUGHT TO STICK AROUND, BOBBY, AND GIVE THE SHERIFF SOME *PROTECTION?*





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# BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

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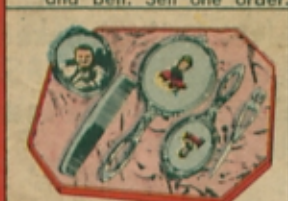


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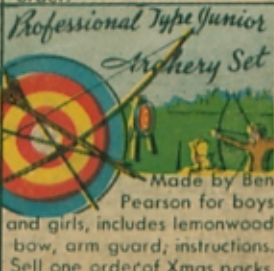
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